

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

A Message From the South

William J. Walsh Writes The Planet an Interesting Letter From New Mexico—Delighted With the Country.

William J. Walsh, a former resident of this city, and student in the offices of Drs. Rutherford & Rutherford, writes the following interesting letter to The Planet from Roswell, New Mexico. Mr. Walsh left Chatham a couple of months ago and went to New Mexico in search of health. After it will be seen that the country very much, and he is remembered to his friends.

bound for Roswell, but a correct idea of the country crossed his mind. After he leaves the line all he sees is a bald, sandy, arid plain, which continues until cut off by the mountains. After running through this desert for a distance of 130 miles he arrives at Amarillo, 200 miles north from Roswell, and enters the Pecos Valley. Now the peaks of the El Capitan mountains can be seen in the western horizon, but between this and himself the passenger sees nothing but the same bald plain. He is now nearing Roswell and the same barrenness persists. He has now formed an idea of the place, but let him wait; there is a great surprise in store for him.

The train runs through this plain for a few more miles, when, all of a sudden, it shoots into an entirely new bit of scenery. The passenger starts as if awakened from a dream. He looks, rubs his eyes and looks again, for on all sides he sees boulevards lined with huge willows and the famous cottonwood, orchards, consisting of apple and pear trees in particular, and progressive farms growing their corn and alfalfa. Everything he sees is entirely new, and his opinion of the place has changed completely. This scenery continues until he reaches a point about a mile or a mile and a half from his destination, when added to the panorama he sees the housetops of the well populated city of Roswell.

Upon stepping off at the depot he is dumbfounded by the multitudes of people, hacks and omnibuses and the rattle of business. As the passenger nears the centre of the city he views, from his place in the hack, the place, with its elegant houses, fine streets and lovely lawns. He sees every store doing its own business. The streets are clean and the people are so busy are they that a pleasant smile or wink at the pretty maid on another department is out of the question. The business streets are dotted thickly with wagons, carriages and many men on horseback, and if the passenger looks in the right direction he will see one lonely automobile puffing like a steam tug, as though elated over its non-opposition, speeding from here toward the suburbs he is surprised by the numerous houses which are building, and smiles to himself as he hears the motor shouting at or perhaps some lazy Mexican, who, on account of his "born tired" nature, ought to get paid for sitting and smoking his beloved cigar.

Roswell is a genuine American town, which that hustle and tread spoken of above so plainly characterizes. But notwithstanding all this, it differs from most places in Ontario and the North-eastern United States, in the fact that everything is so expensive. Everything is sold by the pound, even potatoes and corn, and the poor laboring man has to pay rates for private board equal to those of some of our best hotels in Chatham. These rates range higher than in any other place for one year as well as the majority of the people live in the fact that it would take what in many outside of here is considered a fortune.

Concerning the cause of the passenger's first surprise before entering Roswell, namely, the farming industry and presence of trees and orchards. There is comparatively no rain within 10 miles of the city, and it is nearly always dry; also comparatively no rain. But there is water about 100 feet below the surface, and it is this that is used to water the land, thus making it fertile. It is made use of in this way: Wells are drilled to this depth and the water thus obtained is pumped by means of gasoline engines or wind-mills. The latter can always be trusted on account of the steady breezes. The water is pumped into ditches dug through the farms, thereby watering

the land by soaking through it. The method is known as the "irrigation method." There are, however, many artesian wells here. These are obtained by drilling to a depth ranging between 150 and 1,000 feet. Wells of this kind are very valuable, for the water gushes forth for time unlimited. Not in the history of the place has one been known to run dry. A farm here is useless without a well. Hence, a person coming here with the object of taking up land must expect to expend considerable in order to farm successfully, but once he has the land, together with the necessary water supply, his fortune is made.

Next, in regard to the trees—why is it that they grow in and around Roswell and not outside of this limit; the other places have the same advantages, but not the trees? The question is easily explained thus: On account of the fertility of the soil when mixed with water, almost anything, from the smallest forget-me-not to the largest plant known to science can be grown, but they must first be planted. Every tree that grows here to-day, and there are a good many, has been planted by the hand of man when it was a sapling and being continually watered by the irrigation method it has become the sturdy tree it now is.

The water found here contains a large percentage of alkali, but not in such quantity as to be injurious to animal or plant life. There are some parts, however, where the water contains very little of it. It is a great pleasure to roam through the country around about Roswell and see the elegant farms with the orchards seemingly overburdened with juicy apples and mellow pears, to stop and admire the well fed sheep and cattle grazing in alfalfa hay, and to feel the invigorating effects of the glorious climate with which Roswell is blessed. One need never fear rain; an umbrella is an unnecessary article. And, moreover, if night comes on when one is still travelling he can lie and sleep on the dry ground, which is seldom, if ever, kissed by a dew drop. The air is light and clear, containing only 25 per cent. of moisture, as declared by scientists. This territory indeed has a great future.

Still, this is a topic that is often questioned. New Mexico has scarcely made a beginning in the industries of farming and stock raising. There are as yet only 250,000 acres under cultivation, which supports about 125,000 people. However, as we know, in India there are 6,000,000 acres irrigated with water raised by pumps, and these 6,000,000 acres support 8,000,000 people. Moreover, in Egypt, from the Nile alone 5,000,000 acres are irrigated, supporting over an equal number of people. New Mexico is making use of and will be in the future the method used in India. The territorial rivers together carry more water than the Nile, and these waters will ultimately be used as those of the Nile are utilized. In one single decade—1900—New Mexico increased its agricultural productions from \$3,000,000 to \$10,000,000, according to the census reports. The wealth and population of this territory have been underestimated, if anything; and what is said of mining and manufacturing. It does not therefore take a prophet with a far reaching vision to see that New Mexico's growth in population and wealth is not only assured, but will be so rapid within the next few decades as to astonish the world.

However, let us hope that New Canada will furnish a greater surprise. But we must all look and wait. As I have not been in this part of the globe a sufficient length of time to give a complete explanation of things as they exist here, I shall in time to come be prepared to furnish you with more particulars about this beautiful country, so little known to the outside, but bearing in itself the seed of unlimited prosperity and renown.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM J. WALSH.
Roswell, N. M., Nov. 13, 1903.
P. S.—There is no lacrosse or football here. The great national game is poker.

THE ANN PUZZLE

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 19.—To ascertain what was the age of Ann Murphy, Judge Shumway, of the superior court, yesterday issued an order authorizing a justice of the peace in County Kildare, Ireland, to take the deposition of Rev. James Kirwan, a parish priest, who is able to settle the question. It is necessary to know, because Ann Murphy died recently, leaving Mary Vincent, her niece, as beneficiary of an insurance policy the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association contests on the ground that Ann was above insurance age and misrepresented her age when she took out the policy.

It is not what a man hears, but what he believes, that makes him wise or foolish.

FORGOT HIS NAME

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 19.—"Give me the key of my room please," said a Hotel Baltimore guest, as he walked to the office desk last night.

"What's the number, please?" asked the clerk.

"I dunno. I've forgotten. But I've got a room here all right, all right," responded the guest, speaking with an effort.

"But I'm afraid I've forgotten your name," said the clerk, apologetically.

"Forgotten my name? It's, it's—well I've—huh—forgotten it, too. Got a register?"

The bibulous guest leaned heavily on the desk as two registers were placed before him. Holding one eye closed with the right hand he moved his index finger of his left hand a page of names. After studying for five minutes he explained, as his finger pointed to a scrawl on the list: "There I am. That's me right there. There's my number, too."

And accepting the key handed him he walked toward the elevator. He had almost reached there when he turned around, and waving his hand at the clerk, shouted:

"Say, old man, I'm pretty bad, I guess, but I never get so bad that I don't know my own name when it's writ down in black and white. Not me."

AUTO LANGUAGE

Chicago, Nov. 19.—The alleged discovery of a St. Paul animal trainer that cats have a language of their own and the equally great discovery of an assistant catcher at the Chicago dog pound that dogs have a language and that each breed of dogs speaks a different dialect were cast in the shade yesterday. E. R. Hubbard, of Oak Park and Chicago, announced that his automobile speaks a language which he believes is spoken by all automobiles. Hubbard says:

"For many years I have made a study of the languages of animals. I speak cat and dog fluently, understand a little of both bull and bear, and am able to make myself understood by hogs, especially and sent hogs. But recently I have been surprised to find that my automobile is a linguist in comparison with any of these animals. I first noticed that it squealed for oil and grunted for gasoline. Then I got to studying the subject and learned that automobiles really have a language."

"Of course I have not yet developed my knowledge of the language near to perfection, but within a few weeks I expect to train that auto to read to me and sing a lullaby."

Macaulay Club and Others

Mr. Merrifield Writes The Planet Giving Further Interesting Data of the Early Debating Organizations.

Reading Mr. Scullard's reminiscences in last Saturday's Planet recalled a few things in connection with the organization of the Macaulay Club and the circumstances which led up to them, which may possibly be of some interest to a number of your readers both in the city and County. Mr. Scullard's story will be made entirely correct by the addition of a few slight variations, which will be disclosed in the following narrative.

Some years previous to the establishment of the Macaulay Club, Mr. Gosnell, who was teaching the Louisville school, and myself, were members of the Louisville Debating Society, which contained such well known men as J. C. Fleming, the present County Treasurer; W. G. Merritt, the present City Clerk; Elijah Williston, Silas Williston, Mac Bedford, Rev. Mr. Silcox, the Baptist minister, and the Revs. Synder and Lambey, Methodist ministers, a formidable list of debaters, with Sidney Arnold, W. E. Merritt and others as growing recruits. At this time Kent Bridge had a fine debating club, composed of such stalwarts as the late John Langford, George Langford, Michael Arnold, father of barrister S. B. Arnold, Frederick Arnold, Hilliard Arnold, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Rolla, Mr. Norton, Orville Arnold, Stanley Arnold, the Langford boys, and others. The two clubs had many fine public debates alternately at Louisville and Kent Bridge, with varying fortunes.

As to the abilities of the members of those two clubs, it is my opinion that the Macaulay Club—although it may, "with more classic art smoothe the rugged tongue"—would have its work cut out for it in a debate, on any subject, with those hard reasoning, well read farmers. Mr. Gosnell, after leaving Louisville, was connected with different newspapers. When Mr. W. E. Hamilton was leaving the editorship of The Planet, I asked Mr. Sydney Stephenson if he would take Gosnell in his place, but he replied that he had arranged for an editor at Ottawa who was secretary of the Ottawa Temperance Association. A few days afterwards I saw Mr. Stephenson standing at the corner of the Merchants' Bank, Fifth street. When I came up he pointed towards the bridge and said, "How is that for the secretary of a Temperance Association?" I looked, there was a man who occupied the whole roadway of the bridge, not the sidewalk. He looked as if he was following a rail fence and, at the same time, trying to dodge shooting stars; if he had fallen he would, no doubt, have clawed upward for grass.

I asked if that was his "Angel." He said it was. "Are you going to keep him on?" With a laugh, "No." "Will I send for Gosnell?" "Isn't he too young?" He may be young in years, but he is old enough in iniquity to do for an editor; he is also sober. "Then send for him; he must be here in three days." This was at the time the telegraph operators were on strike. But Gosnell was here the evening of the third day.

We often spoke of our Club at Louisville and wondered why there could not be a good debating club established in Chatham. One morning I was in The Planet sanctum and we both agreed that it was going to do anything about the Club there should be no delay. As he could not leave the office, I called on Mr. Scullard and John Reeve, who were then law students, and asked them to meet Gosnell and myself at The Planet sanctum. They and two or three others met us there in the evening and thus formed the nucleus of the Macaulay Club. At the formal organization in the Judges Chambers I was the secretary, and they had a laugh at my spelling Macaulay—Macaulay; they had another when I reminded them that Mac was an abbreviation of Mac. We, afterwards, had public debates in the old Mechanics Institute; and one in Christ Church Sunday school room on the question "Resolved that women should be allowed to vote at political elections."

Writing about these debating societies brings to mind many funny incidents that have occurred. One of the best was in the first debate, in which my own particular school chum and myself took part. The question was "Resolved that the Indian was used worse than the negro by the white man." My chum was on the side of the Indian, I the opposite. His turn came before mine. I will never forget it. He stood up, his hair was white—and a more jovial and whiter hearted boy never lived. He commenced, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—the parents of the children were present—in my opinion the Indian was used the worst by the white man, for

they were driven from their homes and starved to death; and, and—scratching his head—they were starved from their homes and driven to death; with these few words I will take my seat." By this time I was stretched out holding my sides, in an instant Dave was over pounding me on the back, saying he was saving my life. Dear Old Chum, no other's monument better deserves the eulogy "The good die young" engraved upon its tablet.

W. K. MERRIFIELD.
Nov. 18, 1903.

DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet files from April 3, 1857, to April 20, 1857.

James Smith held the position of Warden and William Cosgrave County Clerk.

Christopher Harbourn announces that the steamer "Himalaya" will commence her trips to Detroit and apply for freight from Chatham merchants.

The body of a man, identified as James Lynch of Raleigh, was found floating in the Thames by some of the employees of McKellar & Dolsen's saw mill. Coroner Donnelly held an inquest.

Died, at Harwich, Jane, beloved wife of William McNaughton and youngest daughter of Alexander Ferguson, late miller at the Corksack Mill Perton, Kirkcubrightshire, Scotland.

Mr. Cameron gave notice in the Canadian parliament on Tuesday of last week that he should at an early day renew his motion in the last session requesting Her Majesty to visit that province.

William H. Nelson, of this city, invents a patent kindler. The directions for using it were: Place the kindler in the stove, lay on wood or coal loosely, apply a match and wait a moment before closing the door to allow the kindler to become ignited.

Captain C. Lappan announces that the steamer "Islander" will commence her regular trips upon the opening of navigation. Will leave Black's wharf, Detroit, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Fourth street wharf, Chatham, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Detroit Free Press learns that responsible parties are making arrangements to connect the Canada railway telegraph with that of the Michigan Central road. The wires will cross the river at Belle Isle at a height of one hundred and sixty feet from the surface of the water.

The following items from the Town Council report of April 3, 1857, will be of interest:

"Mr. Chrysler was instructed to repair the plank road at the foot of the Chatham bridge; also the plank walk near the same; also a portion of the sidewalk near the depot."

"Mr. McKellar gave notice that at the next meeting of the Council he will introduce a draft of a petition to the Legislature that the Mayors of towns and cities be elected by a direct vote of the people."

AN IRISH MARRIAGE

The Irish law judges have decided six to five in the case of Beamish vs. Beamish that a clergyman in priests orders may marry himself.

The following were the civic officers in 1857:
Mayor—Charles G. Charteris.
Reeve—Archibald McKellar.
Deputy Reeve—John Smith.
Councilors—Dr. Askin, James Burns, Thomas A. Ireland, Thomas Keating, Walter McRae, Joseph Tilt, Town Clerk—Duncan McColl.
Treasurer—Malcolm Weir.
Collector—Henry Chrysler.
Assessors—James Higgins, William McRae, Israel Evans.
High Constable—John Goodyear.
Market Clerk—John Smith.
Auditors—Dr. Pegley and William McKeough.
Inspectors of Houses of Entertainment—Donald McDonald, William Thagley, Donald McKerrall.
Pound-keepers—John Smith and Donald McKerrall.
Postmaster—Benjamin Barfoot.



For all around wear this Syndicate wrap will be found serviceable. Of blue silk-jeanne, it will shed the dust to perfection and hold its shape without wrinkling. The blouse is plaited softly into a curved belt, from which depend the long plaited skirts, almost to the dress hem. The Ridley hat is of fancy straw, trimmed with lillies of the valley.

.. SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE..

I am afraid there must have been some good Grit workers at that church meeting.

I didn't see the Satellite's name among the list of patrons of the opera Robin Hood, and I read it over eight times, too.

I am awfully glad that there is no chance of me being selected as the new pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

I admire the keen discrimination of that Thamesville man who deserted his valuable wife for a deaf and dumb woman. He was a remarkably intelligent individual.

Ald. G. G. Martin is busy sharpening up his Gaelic to use on Dundonald. He has my sympathy—No, I didn't say which one.

The Library Board deputation is of the opinion that Windsor must have moved up this way during the past day or two.

Another five weeks and you will have spent all the money you have been saving, but look at the pleasure you will give.

This cold weather has come as a boon to some of the pavement contractors. It gave them another excuse to stop the work.

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